

Guide to Life.

No. XII.

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ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

GLYPHOGRAPHY, OR ENGRAVED DRAWING.—As the title of our publication indicates, it is clearly our bounden duty to bring under notice of the public every achievement in art or science, which is contributive to an improvement of public taste; it is therefore with peculiar pleasure we introduce Mr. Palmer's new art of Glyphography, as a beautiful and cheap substitute for engravings on wood, in many instances far surpassing its capabilities in point of size of subject to be engraved—rendering it capable to be used at the ordinary machine or press, by means of its copper relief block, and of giving off an almost unlimited number of copies, without injury to the original engraving. It is adapted for elaborate and highly-finished works of any size—by the use of which artists may obtain perfect copies of their own drawings to the



minutest touch, an advantage which is not attainable by wood engraving beyond a few thousand copies.

By using the proper tools may depend on the line appearing in the impression when printed as it does in the plate. By this process he has a perfect *fac-simile* of his own, in fact it is the artist's own drawing.

We are enabled, through Mr. Palmer's liberality, to give these two beautiful specimens of the patentee's invention, the subjects are executed on copper blocks, drawn originally on a thin coating of wax, the indentations being filled up with a deposit of copper produced by the action of an electric battery. We are given to understand that the celebrated house of Ackermann and Co., Strand, are now engaged on a magnificent work, to be issued in the course of the summer, combining all the features of this wonderful discovery.

A PAIR OF NUNS.—Minorca, an island in the Mediterranean sea, alternately possessed by England and Spain; for a long time gallantly defended against forces enormously superior, by General Blakeney, in the 18th century. On the subject of the celebrated siege of Fort St. Philip, this intrepid veteran used to relate, that an incident occurred previous to it, which perplexed him to the full as much as the enemy's attacks. This was the elopement of three nuns from the monastery of St. Claire with two English officers. These gentlemen having been induced by curiosity to converse at the iron grate, saw two of the fair recluses, with whom they fell desperately in love, and declared their

passion, solemnly promising at the same time to marry them, if they could contrive to escape from the place of their confinement. The military men soon found that their offers were by no means disagreeable, and many schemes were formed by the prisoners to elude the vigilance of their keepers. At length, by one of those lucky accidents to which lovers as well as warriors are sometimes indebted for success, they procured the key of a door which led from the house into an adjoining garden. Taking advantage of darkness and the extreme old age of the nun, whose business it was to lock them up at the hour of midnight, they crept softly down stairs into the garden, where they found the two

gentlemen ready to receive them. The lovers were surprised and somewhat abashed when a *third* lady made her appearance, but their apprehensions were soon quieted on being informed that the stranger who excited their fears, was an intimate friend and confidante, who hating her present state of captivity, and dreading a deprivation of their society, had insisted on accompanying them. There yet remained a considerable difficulty to surmount; this was a wall twenty feet high, which surrounded the garden of the convent on every side. To men with ropeladders, who were resolved to run all risks to gain possession of youth and beauty, this seemed nothing; but to girls, neither of whom had reached the age of nineteen, the attempt was formidable, besides the risk of being heard or seen by persons passing in the street where they were to descend. By a concurrence of caution and good luck the nuns climbed safely over the wall, and were lodged by the fortunate lovers in safe and creditable quarters.

The next day at early matins, when the fugitives were missed, the town as well as convent became a scene of uproar and confusion; the English were strongly suspected of assisting in this escape, the inhabitants, for the most part rigid Catholics, being sure that none but heretics could be capable of so wicked and abominable an action. The officers in the mean time applied to their chaplain to marry them, according to the rites and ceremonies of the church of England. This gentleman informed them, that if the ladies still continued Catholics, he would not, nor indeed could he, lawfully join them in wedlock, for, although he considered the vow of chastity which they had taken as in itself illegal, yet it was binding while they continued of the Popish persuasion. This obstruction to the gratification of the wishes of all parties being communicated to the nuns, they replied, That the vow they had taken, independent of any religious opinions, was unlawful, as it had been extorted from them by force; that they communicated their sentiments on this subject to their confessor soon after being sent to the convent, and he informed them, if they left the convent, they would certainly be put to death by their families. The young women further informed the officers, that when their confessor acquainted the abbess with what had been told him of their strong aversion to a recluse life, she ordered them to be confined in a dungeon, and to be fed only on bread and water; they were also severely whipped every day, which at length compelled them to submit; that this cruel usage and the unnatural restraint in which they lived,—the Almighty having evidently created us all to be happy as long as we can be so with innocence,—had gradually, and long before their acquaintance with the English gentlemen, infused into their minds doubts of the truth of that religious system which imposed and countenanced such hardships, or could suppose a Being, like God, could approve of them; in short, that they were ready to embrace the Protestant faith, if the worthy chaplain would have the goodness to undertake the task of instructing them."

During the whole of these transactions, which were communicated to General Blakeney, he gave strict and particular orders that no force or compulsion should on any account or under any pretence be made use of. Catholic clergymen, and the friends of the ladies, were also permitted to visit, and exhort, and to persuade; but liberty of person and opinion was not by any means to be violated, the general observing on the occasion, that he was heartily sorry for what had happened, and if he could, would have prevented it; but from the turn things had taken, and the island being for the present under the dominion of the king of England, the principles of a free government must not be departed from. The affair greatly interested the public mind, and considerably agitated the clergy, regular as well as secular. One peculiarity was observed; the doors and windows of the room where the nuns slept were sealed every night in the presence of their friends and the confessor, and opened before them in the morning, to satisfy the parents of the young women that no illicit intercourse was carried on. At length, in spite of public clamour and private remonstrance, the fair Minorquines renounced the faith and errors of the church of Rome, and having declared themselves Protestants, the same day received and conferred happiness by being married to their military lovers; their associate in this escape, imitating their avowal of the Protestant persuasion, not long after became the wife of an English gentleman.

On this occasion the governor had a nice and difficult part to act; and the following letter was written by him to the Vicar-general of Minorca, who, as well as the friends of the young women, were anxious that they should be given up:—

REVEREND SIR,

January 27th, 1748.

I, who always loved peace, and have a natural aversion to disputes, cannot see but with regret a disturbance in my government which it is not easy to pacify, unless I act in direct contradiction to the spirit and principles of the English constitution, which cannot be departed from in any part of the dominions of that sovereign I have the honour to serve. But to convince you that I wish to act according to the strict rules of reason and justice, as well as from strong conviction, I request of you, laying aside passion and the prejudices of education, to place yourself in my situation, and to view the affair,—not as it appears to you, a dignified

Catholic, warm with zeal, and animated I doubt not by good intentions,—but as it must appear to me, a Protestant, placed in an office of high trust and responsibility, and the representative of a great king, whose family were placed on the British throne as the professed preservers of civil and religious liberty. Three young ladies have escaped from a nunnery, of their own free will and accord, without force or violence; at their own desire they are sheltered in an English gentleman's house, and treated according to the strictest rules of honour. On being asked their reasons for quitting the society of which they formed a part, their reply is, that they were tired of a life perpetually spent in confinement, prayer, and mortification, and in consequence of a vow extorted from them by threatenings and severe punishments; they conclude with professing an ardent desire to embrace the Protestant religion. On being fully informed of this affair, I was fearful that the ladies' changing their religion might appear a hasty, rash, and unpremeditated step; I therefore ordered that such of the clergy of your church as their friends approved, might have the liberty of conversing with them, but that no force but that of reason and argument should be made use of. This liberty you know was grossly and dishonourably abused by the parents of one of the parties, who by manual violence carried away and concealed the terrified nun; had not the young lady been happily found, I should have been under the necessity of severely punishing the perpetrators of this outrage and their abettors. Terrified by this proceeding, they loudly call for my protection, and demand admission into our Protestant church. As a member of that communion and a Christian, can I prevent the doors of everlasting life being opened unto them? as a citizen of the land of liberty, which it is my pride and boast to have been born and bred in, can I blame them for having fled from a cruel, unnatural, and degrading bondage? There is also another reason against my granting your request: Maria Gomela and Isabella Sintos are both married to English officers, and how can I separate those whom God has joined together? It is indeed what I have no authority to do, and would subject me to the penalties of our laws, which are no respecters of persons. As to the single lady, she is at present in a family of honour and distinction, and perhaps will soon wish to be married herself; and if so inclined, I apprehend it is neither in my power, Sir, nor yours, to prevent it. I assure you this business has occasioned me great uneasiness; and I hope you are convinced that I could neither prevent nor remedy it in the manner you point out, without failing in duty to my sovereign, and disobeying the dictates of my own conscience. I have taken good care that nothing of the kind shall happen again, and it shall be represented as necessary, for the peace of this island, to confirm and ratify what I have done by proper legal penalties. Assure yourself of my readiness to oblige you on all lawful occasions, and that I am, reverend Sir, yours,

W. BLAKENEY.

PARTIALITY OF ANIMALS FOR WINES, SPIRITS, &c.

—Franklin observes, in one of his letters, that the only animals created to drink water are those which, on their conformation, are able to lap it from the surface of the earth, whereas all those that can carry their hands to their mouths were destined to enjoy the juice of the grape. This appears to be true, for no animals are so remarkably fond of good liquor as apes, baboons, and others possessing hands, though many devoid of those organs are partial to it. The pigmy apes, which inhabit most parts of Africa, the East Indies, and the island of Ceylon, are captured by the natives placing vessels containing strong spirits near the haunts of those animals, who, assembling to enjoy it, become inebriated, fall asleep together, and in this situation are easily taken. A female orang-outang in Holland stealthily got hold of a bottle of Malaga, drank every drop of it, and then returned the empty bottle to its proper place. The herbe is called by Europeans the wine-bibber, from its great fondness for palm wine. A mandrill baboon, at Wombwell's menagerie, was very partial to fermented liquors and ginger beer; the large dog-faced baboon, that died at the Tower in 1828, would toss off a pot of porter with great relish, and was such an excessive toper that he at last sunk under a confirmed dropsy; a young ruffed lemur, at the Paris Museum of Natural History, was partial to spirits; a large East Indian vampire, kept by Mr. Bullock, was fond of white wine, lapping it up like a cat,—half a glass of it was sufficient to make the creature extremely diverting and frolicsome, though without attempting to bite. The Marquis of Hertford had a Russian black bear, called Toby, at his seat at Sudbourne, and the animal would readily distinguish strong ale from small beer; the racoon will drink spirits till "as drunk as a beast." The Rev. W. B. Clarke says, that a saucerful of elderberry wine was the greatest delight of his dog, and that it has been very tipsy more than once. Cats will drink fermented liquors; Shakspeare talks of ale that would make a cat speak, and in the song of the "Old Courtier," published in the "Prince de l'Amour," we have this line—

"And beer and ale would make a cat to speak."

Sometime ago an innkeeper at Stirling had a thirty-pint cask of ale attacked by rats, who nearly emptied it in about six weeks. It made

them so tipsy that they were frequently seen gamboling in merry groups. Chaucer, in the Prologue to his "Canterbury Tales," says—

"We faren as he that drunk is as a mouse."

Mr. W. G. Barker states, that domestic rabbits will eagerly drink ale, though two or three spoonfuls satisfy them. The elephant is so fond of wines, spirits, and arrack, that when he is required to make any greater speed or exertion of his strength, his driver promises him some for his reward, and it is dangerous to neglect the performance of such promise, for elephants have been known to kill the driver who has deceived them in such cases. Gay, in his "Fables," describes a sow intoxicated by eating the brewer's grains, not an unfrequent occurrence with pigs. In Hutchinson's "Travels in Columbia," we read that Dr. Solo, on bearing of the glorious victory obtained by Bolivar, was determined that every bird and beast that he possessed should get drunk on that glorious occasion. For this purpose he gave his pigs, horses, cows, and poultry, as much juice of the sugar-cane as they could drink, and it was very amusing to see the pigs jump about in the most frolicsome manner. A rhinoceros, exhibited in Exeter Change some years ago, was very fond of sweet wines, of which he would often drink three or four bottles in the course of a few hours; the Emperor Caligula indulged his horse with wine served in golden cups; Buffon states, that oxen and cows are fond of wine; the Rev. Rees Pritchard, celebrated as "the Vicar of Llandoverly," who died in 1644, is said to have been cured of a habit of excessive tippling, by observing that a goat which he had once made tipsy with ale, could never afterwards be persuaded to partake of that drink. This induced the vicar to resolve to abstain from a propensity of which even the ignorant goat seemed ashamed.

Some birds evince a bacchanalian taste. Maplet, an ancient British naturalist, says of parrots, "give them wine and they will be wanton enough." To induce a capon to act the parent towards chickens entrusted to his charge, some writers recommend making him tipsy with wine or brandy when the chickens are put to him, in order, as they profess, to make him fancy himself a hen, when he sees them crowding around him. Réaumur, upon trying this, found that, in a number of instances, the capon, instead of attending to the chickens, trod upon and crushed several of them to death, and gave others a drubbing with his beak.

MEMOIRS OF MRS. ROBINSON,

MISTRESS OF GEORGE IV., WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

(Continued from our last, page 83.)

After passing many days at Bristol Mr. Harris returned to Wales, and our party set out for London. Mr. Robinson's mind was easy, and his hopes were confirmed by the kindness of his uncle; he now considered himself as the most happy of mortals. We removed from Great Queen Street, to a house, No. 13, in Hatton Garden, which had been recently built. Mr. Robinson hired it, and furnished it with peculiar elegance. I frequently inquired into the extent of his finances, and he as often assured me that they were in every respect competent to his expenses. In addition to our domestic establishment, Mr. Robinson purchased a handsome phaeton, with saddle horses for his own use; and I now made my *début*, though scarcely emerged beyond the boundaries of childhood, in the broad hemisphere of fashionable folly.

A new face, a young person dressed with peculiar, but simple elegance, was sure to attract attention at places of public entertainment. The first time I went to Ranelagh my habit was so singularly plain and quaker-like, that all eyes were fixed upon me. I wore a gown of light brown lustrous with close round cuffs (it was then the fashion to wear long ruffles); my hair was without powder, and my head adorned with a plain round cap and a white chip hat, without any ornaments whatever.

The second place of polite entertainment to which Mr. Robinson accompanied me was the Pantheon concert, then the most fashionable assemblage of the gay and the distinguished. At this place it was customary to appear much dressed; large hoops and high feathers were universally worn. My habit was composed of pale pink satin, trimmed with broad sable; my dear mother presented me a suit of rich and valuable point lace, which she had received from my father, as a birthday gift; and I was at least some hours employed in decorating my person for this new sphere of fascination: I say some hours, because my shape at that period required some arrangement, owing to the visible increase of my domestic solitudes.

As soon as I entered the Pantheon rotunda, I never shall forget the impression which my mind received: the splendour of the scene, the dome illuminated with variegated lamps, the music, and the beauty of the women, seemed to present a circle of enchantment. I recollect that the most lovely of fair forms met my eyes in that of Lady Almeria Carpenter. The countenance which most pleased me was that of the late Mrs. Baddeley. The first Countess of Tyrconnel also appeared with considerable *éclat*. But the buzz of the room, the ceaseless murmur of admiration, attended the Marchioness Townshend: I took my seat on a sofa nearly opposite to that on which she was sitting, and I observed two persons, evidently men of fashion, speaking to her; till one of them,

looking towards me, with an audible voice, inquired of the other "Who is she?"

Their fixed stare disconcerted me, I rose, and, leaning on my husband's arm, again mingled in the brilliant circle. The inquiries followed us; stopping several friends, as we walked round the circle, and repeatedly demanding of them, "Who is that young lady in the pink dress trimmed with sable?"—My manner and confusion plainly evinced that I was not accustomed to the gaze of impertinent high breeding. I felt uneasy, and proposed returning home, when I perceived that our two followers were joined by a third, who, on looking at me, said, "I think I know her." It was the late Earl of Northington.

We had now to pass the group in order to quit the rotunda. Lord Northington, leaving his companions, approached me. "Miss Darby, or I am mistaken," said he, with a bow of marked civility. I replied, that my name was now changed to that of Robinson: and to prevent any awkward embarrassment, presented my husband, on whose arm I was still leaning. Lord Northington continued to walk round the Pantheon with us, made many inquiries after my father, complimented me on the improvement of my person, and "hoped that he should be permitted to pay his respects to Mr. and Mrs. Robinson."

We now entered the tea-room; there was not a seat vacant; I was considerably fatigued, and somewhat faint with the heat of the rotunda. I quitted the tea-room, and seated myself on a sofa near the door. In a few minutes Lord Northington brought me a cup of tea, for Mr. Robinson did not like to leave me alone; and at the same time presented his two inquisitive friends, Lord Lyttelton and Captain Ayscough.

I now proposed departing. Mr. Robinson accompanied me to the vestibule; and while he was seeking the carriage, Lord Lyttelton offered his services. I had never till that evening heard his name; but there was an easy effrontery in his address that completely disgusted, while his determined gaze distressed and embarrassed me; and I felt inexpressible satisfaction when Mr. Robinson returned to tell me that the carriage was ready.

On the following morning, Lords Northington, Lyttelton, and Colonel Ayscough, made their visits of ceremony. Mr. Robinson was not at home, but I received them, though not without some embarrassment. I was yet a child, and wholly unacquainted with the manners of the world. Yet, young as I was, I became the traveller of its mazy and perilous paths. At an age when girls are generally at school, or indeed scarcely emancipated from the nursery, I was presented in society as a wife,—and very nearly as a mother.

Lord Lyttelton, who was perhaps the most accomplished libertine that any age or country has produced, with considerable artifice inquired after Mr. Robinson, professed his earnest desire to cultivate his acquaintance, and, on the following day, sent him a card of invitation. Lyttelton was an adept in the artifices of fashionable intrigue: he plainly perceived that both Mr. Robinson and myself were uninitiated in its mysteries: he knew that to undermine a wife's honour, he must become master of the husband's confidence; and Mr. Robinson was too much pleased with the society of a man whose wit was only equalled by his profligacy, to shrink from such an association.

Fortunately for me, Lord Lyttelton was uniformly my aversion. His manners were overhearingly insolent, his language licentious, and his person slovenly even to a degree that was disgusting. Mr. Robinson was in every respect the very reverse of his companion: he was unassuming, neat, and delicate in his conversation. I had not a wish to descend from the propriety of wedded life; and I abhorred, decidedly abhorred, the acquaintance with Lord Lyttelton.

In the course of a few days his lordship presented me the works of Miss Aikin (now Mrs. Barbauld). I read them with rapture; I thought them the most beautiful poems I had ever seen, and considered the woman who could invent such poetry, as the most to be envied of human creatures. Lord Lyttelton had some taste for poetical compositions, and wrote verses with considerable facility.

On the following Monday I again visited the Pantheon. My dress was then white and silver. Again I was followed with attention. Lord Lyttelton was my *cavalier servente* that evening, though, as usual, his chief attention was paid to Mr. Robinson. During the concert, he presented the Count de Belgeioso, the imperial ambassador, one of the most accomplished foreigners I ever remember having met with. Lord Valentia was also introduced; but as his lordship had recently made some *éclat* by his attentions to the celebrated Mrs. Elliot, I rather avoided than wished to cultivate his acquaintance.

Mr. Robinson's intercourse with the world was now rapidly augmenting. Every day was productive of some new association. Lord Lyttelton presented many of his friends; among others Captain O'Byrne, and Mr. William Brereton of Drury Lane theatre. In the course of a short time we also became acquainted with Sir Francis Molyneux, Mr. Alderman Sayer, and the late unfortunate George Robert Fitzgerald. Lord Northington was also a constant visitor, and frequently rallied me on what he thought my striking likeness to his family.

[To be continued Weekly.]

PICTURES OF NEWS.

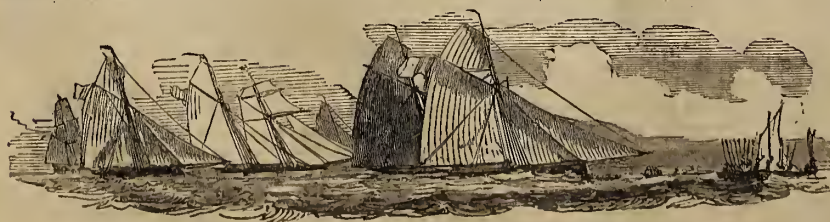


OSBORNE HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

The above mansion, the seat of Lady Isabella Blachford, had been taken for her Majesty, with an option to purchase the property if approved of. The Royal Household are expected to arrive at Osborne House in May; but considerable additions must be made to the building, to accommodate a very large establishment.

Osborne is beautifully situated in the neighbourhood of East Cowes, one of the best points in "the Island." The mansion is placed in a fine park, well-stocked with noble timber, and adjoining eastward the grounds of Norris Castle, the residence of her present Majesty and the Duchess of Kent, in the summer of 1831. The views from Osborne are extensive, and of varied beauty, though certainly not equal to the prospect from Norris Castle, which latter commands the Southampton water, and the roadstead of Cowes; while Osborne takes a more easterly range, including Portsmouth, Spithead, &c., being shut out by the high grounds of Norris, from the views to the westward. Very little of the mansion is seen from the high road; but in sailing along the coast, the house appears to be a handsome square edifice, seated at the head of an ample lawn, which slopes gently to a valley open to the sea-beach. The whole park, strictly private, extends down to the sea, with good landing places. The mansion was in the occupation of Eustace Mann, Esq. during the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament. There is a copse adjoining called Money Copse, where the proprietor, it is said, during the wars, buried all his money, plate, &c., and upon searching for it again it could not be found; it is the general belief, from tradition, that the property still remains secreted. The mansion has on the ground floor a drawing-room, dining-room, and library, with two ante-rooms and halls. The first and second floors contain sixteen bed and dressing-rooms; very inadequate accommodation for a royal suite. When her Majesty, then Princess Victoria, and the Duchess of Kent occupied Norris Castle, Osborne and another house or two were taken for Sir John Conroy, and other branches of the establishment. Since that period the fields known as Snambles Farm, comprising about a hundred and sixty acres, now called East Cowes Park Estate, have been converted into beautiful rides, groves, &c.,—and on the estate there are now ten new spacious villas nearly finished.

Osborne Park and wood, with gardens, &c., contain 346 acres, the whole of which is freehold. The farm adjoining is copyhold, and contains 424 acres.



SAILING YACHTS PROCEEDING TO OSBORNE HOUSE.



THE PRIMROSE GIRL,

To be seen every morning at this time of the year in Covent Garden Market.

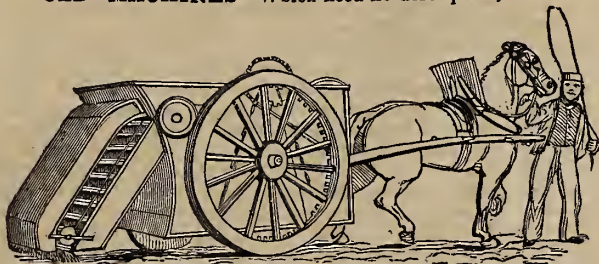
DROWNING.—We are acquainted, says Dr. Binns, in his *Anatomy of Sleep*, with a gentleman, who being able to swim but little, ventured too far out and became exhausted. His alarm was great; and after making several strenuous but ill-directed efforts to regain the shore, he shouted for assistance, then sunk, as he supposed, to rise no more. The noise of the water in his ears was at first horrible, and the idea of death, and such a death! terrific in the extreme. He felt himself sinking as if for an age, and descent—it seemed—would have no end. But this frightful state passed away. His senses became steeped in light. Innumerable and beautiful visions presented themselves to his imagination—luminous aerial shapes accompanied him through embowering groves of graceful trees, while soft music, as if breathed from the leaves, wooed his spirit to voluptuous repose. Marble colonnades, light-pierced vistas, soft-grass walks, picturesque groups of angelic beings, gorgeously plumaged birds, golden fish that swam in purple waters, and glistening fruit that hung from latticed arbours, were seen, admired, and passed. Then the vision changed; and he saw, as if in a wide field, the acts of his own being, from the first dawn of memory to the moment when he entered the water. They were all grouped and ranged in the order of the succession of their happening, and he read the whole volume of existence at a glance; nay, its incidents and entities were photographed on his mind, limned in light, and the panorama of the battle of life lay before him. * * * * From this condition of beatitude, at least, these were the last sensations he could remember; he awoke to consciousness, and consequently to pain, agony, and disappointment. We have often conversed together upon his feelings on this occasion, and his account has never varied, so intensely were the visions graven on his memory.

ON AN HOUR GLASS.

Mark! the golden grains that pass
Brightly through the channel'd glass,
Measuring by their ceaseless fall,
Heaven's most precious gift to all!
Pauseless—till its sand be done,
See the shining current run,
Till its inward treasure shed,
Lo! another hour is fled!
Its task performed, its travail past,
Like mortal man, it rests at last.
Yet let some hand invert its frame,
And all its powers return the same—
For all the golden grains remain
To work their little hour again;
But who shall turn the glass of man,
From which the golden current ran,
Collect again the precious sand
Which time has scattered with his hand.
Bring back life's stream with vital power,
And bid it run another hour?
A thousand years of toil were vain
To gather up a single grain!



OLD MACHINES—Which need no description,



And NEW MACHINE.

STREET SWEEPING.—The self-loading cart, or street-sweeping machine which has for some time been in use in London and Manchester, is drawn by two horses, attended by a driver, and as it proceeds causes the rotatory motion of the wheels to raise the loose soil from the surface of the wood pavement, and deposit it in a vehicle attached to the cart. It proceeds at a moderate rate, and the cart leaves behind it a well swept track, which forms a striking contrast with the adjacent ground. It fills itself in the space of six minutes—its power being equal to that of forty men, and its operation of a threefold nature—that of sweeping, loading, and carrying at the same time, which, under the *old machines*, as above, formed three distinct operations.

OH, WHAT IS MAN !

Oh, what is man ! creation's wonder !
An angel half, and half a brute !
A frown can tear his heart asunder :
A tear can make his passion mute !
From him blooms pleasures every flower ;
But all to soon their beauty flies :
A thousand cares and pains o'erpower,
And then he ripens, droops, and dies !
Vice, virtue, both win his devotion,
Now bound in chains, now robed in power :
The king of earth, the king of ocean !
Yet ruled by passion every hour.
To-day his fancy's thoughts discover
World's mortal eye had ne'er surveyed,
To-morrow earth doth wrap him over,
And dust is he whom dust had made !

WANT.—Want is the most execrable of devastators, annihilating the temper, subverting honesty, and totally destroying peace in the family that was once the subject of no other sovereignty. Crushing at its every step the bulwarks of happiness, enforcing at its approach the immediate surrender of innocence, and compelling, in two many instances, by its presence, the unconditional extinction of morality, this meagre and wan-visaged Paul Pry of our day stalks alike intrusively into the hall of the merchant and the cot of the operative ; and like the withering blast, the pestilential plunderer of the coffers of Contentment, nips and corrodes the bud, deflowers the stalk of three months existence, and betimes buries irretrievably in oblivion the plant that had long bloomed beneath the exhilarating and sunny smiles of peace and plenty. The features that were once fair and radiant with joy, it furrows and deforms : the heart that was once the emporium of felicity, it converts into the resting-place of sorrow : and to the feet that once moved with the elasticity of air, it appends the obstructive clogs of despondency.

PICTURES OF NEWS.



WILL FORGERIES.

Portraits of Mrs. Lydia Sanders, who personated Emma Slack, and Mrs. Dorey her sister, as they appeared at the Mansion House, on Saturday. Mrs. Dorey's sister Lydia, appeared a good looking stout woman, thirty-five or forty years of age, with good black eyes and rather a handsome expression of face. From an original Pencil Sketch made by one of the Barristers specially for the Gurne, on the back of his brief, whilst the prisoners were under examination on Saturday last, at the Mansion House.

PUBLIC SPEAKING, SINGING, AND LAUGHING FAVOURABLE TO HEALTH.

—The lecturer said that Cuvier, when a young man, was consumptive ; but, on being elected a professor, and having to exercise his lungs, he threw off this tendency. Dr. Thomas Browne, the moral philosopher and metaphysician, delayed the progress of consumption for many years by the act of public speaking. Talking was not enough ; for it did not ensure that filling of the lungs to the same extent, so as properly to change the blood and purify it. He earnestly recommended to his hearers that they should become public speakers ; and they would be benefiting themselves physically if they endeavoured in this way to communicate what they knew, and to instruct their fellow-men. To this cause it was owing that those clergymen who certainly had not too much duty enjoyed such good health ; and young expectants, no doubt, were sometimes disappointed, as well as astonished to find how long some old incumbents would live. Singing was also a very beneficial practice ; and the way to protect young people from diseases of the chest was to have them sing. Singing was valuable not only as improving our taste, and being an agreeable gratification to the mind, but because it exercises the lungs and improved the circulation and general health. Mr. Wilderspin conferred a vast benefit on the community by making singing one of the exercises in his infants' school system of instruction. Almost all our great singers attained a good old age. Braham was now seventy : Cecilia Davis reached seventy-two, and several continental singers eighty, and upwards. It should be borne in mind, that it was of some importance that the words and tunes of hymns generally should be adapted to elevate and not to depress the feelings. Laughing, too, was a good thing when not excessive, as it expanded the chest, increased the circulation, and benefited the health. Hence the popular adage, " Laugh and grow fat." Mirth and activity in children should not be repressed ; yet how common it was to hear even good mothers say to their children, when playing about, " My dear, what a noise you make ! You may play as you like, but don't make a noise." Why, it was the very noise in which the delight of the play consisted ; and on this injunction the child tried to sit still but could not ; it was irksome to him ; he sulked, cried, and was punished for being naughty, though he merely obeyed the promptings within him, to exercise his lungs in shouting, and his hands in drumming and making all sorts of noises. Let parents remember that whatever tended to procure and ensure a free circulation of blood through the lungs, tended to give general health.—*Dr. Epps' Lectures.*

PICTURES OF NEWS.



GENERAL TOM THUMB,

The celebrated American Dwarf, exhibiting every day and evening, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

CHARLES S. STRATTON, known as General Tom Thumb, was born January 11, 1832, consequently he is now twelve years of age; he is twenty-five inches high, and weighs only fifteen pounds. The General had the honour of appearing before Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and several of the Nobility, at Buckingham Palace, attended by his guardian, Mr. P. T. Barnum, of New York, on Saturday, 23d of March. His various performances afforded much entertainment, and elicited the approbation of Her Majesty and the Royal Household.

The General is of the most symmetrical proportions, active, lively, intelligent, and sociable. He is robust and hearty, never having been ill in his life. His parents and a preceptor have accompanied him across the Atlantic. The extreme diminutiveness—the graceful bearing and fascinating manners of this beautiful rosy-cheeked MAN in miniature—cannot be justly conceived without seeing him. The General has been visited in America and the Canadas by nearly half a million of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, who unanimously pronounce him the greatest curiosity in the world.

The General shed his first set of teeth several years since; and his enormous strength, his firm and manly gait, establish his age beyond all dispute. The General amuses his Visitors with a relation of his History, Songs, Dances, Imitation of Napoleon Buonaparte, Grecian Statues, &c.

CURIOUS CASES OF PARTIAL MORAL MANIA.—A girl fourteen years old, of strong constitution and difficult temper, enjoyed apparently good health, though she had not menstruated. Once a month she complained of pain in the head, her eyes were red, she was irascible, gloomy, and restless; everything went wrong with her, and she was particularly inclined to dispute with her mother, who was always the object of her threats and abuse; and, finally, she became most violently angry, sometimes attempting her own life and sometimes her mother's. When the fit arrived to this degree, the blood escaped from her mouth, nose, or eyes; she wept and trembled; the extremities became cold and affected with convulsive pains; and her mind was filled with distress. The fit, which altogether continued one or two days, being over, she recovered her affection for her mother, and asked her forgiveness. She did not recollect all the circumstances of these fits, and denied with feelings of surprise and regret some of the particulars which were related to her. At the age of sixteen years, these fits of anger were often replaced by hysterical convulsions; the disease diminished progressively, but did not cease till she was seventeen years old, when her courses appeared. She afterwards married and became an excellent mother.

Esquiroi relates another case communicated to him by Dr. Barbier, of Amiens, which will be briefly noticed. This lady, Marguerite Mollins, twenty-four years old, had suffered for three years past pains in the epigastrium, and right-side of the abdomen; headache, vertigo, noise in the ears, disturbance of vision, palpitation of the heart, constrictions of the throat and trembling of the limbs. Her first child, which lived but three months, she loved and deeply regretted. Nine months ago she had another child. On the fifth day of her confinement she heard of Cornier's case, and was so deeply impressed with the story that her thoughts dwelt upon it, and from that moment she feared lest she also might be similarly tempted. In spite of all her efforts, she gradually familiarized herself with the idea of killing her child. One day while dressing it, the thought of murdering it seized upon her mind and became a violent desire. She turned around, and perceiving a kitchen-knife on a table near her, her arm was involuntarily carried towards it. She saw that she could no longer control herself, and cried out for assistance. The neighbours came in and she soon became calm. Shortly after she was separated from her child and sent to a hospital where she finally recovered. It is worthy of note, that when the pains in the head and epigastrium, from which she suffered greatly in the hospital, were worst, then the bad thoughts appeared to be most imperious.

Dr. Otto, of Copenhagen, relates that a female, who was received into a lying-in-hospital of which he was physician, requested a private conference with him previously to her accouchement. She appeared to be in great agitation and embarrassment, and earnestly begged of him that she might not be left in the same chamber with other women and their infants, as it would be utterly impossible for her to resist the propensity she felt to destroy the latter. Her request was granted and she was carefully watched. Her delivery was easy, and the child was kept from her and afterwards sent to her mother. The young woman on leaving the hospital went into service, and would not return to her mother's, lest she might be tempted to destroy her infant. She declared that the sight of a very young infant kindled up an irresistible propensity to destroy its life. This woman was a peasant who had been seduced, but had never led a dissolute life, nor was in any way of corrupt manners. She had not been reproached, nor ill-treated by her parents, during pregnancy, nor was there the least cause for anxiety on account of the child, as her mother had engaged to provide for it. She entered into the service of a clergyman, and enjoyed good health. Sometime afterwards she informed the doctor that she had lost nearly all propensity to infanticide.

The next case is recorded by Dr. Michu in his *Nemoire sur la monomanie-homicide*. "A country woman, twenty-four years of age, of a bilious sanguine temperament, of simple and regular habits, but reserved and sullen manners, had been ten days confined with her first child, when suddenly, having her eyes fixed upon it, she was seized with the desire of strangling it. This idea made her shudder; she carried the infant to its cradle, and went out in order to get rid of so horrid a thought. The cries of the little being who required nourishment, recalled her to the house; she experienced still more strongly the impulse to destroy it. She hastened away again, haunted by the dread of committing a crime so horrible; she raised her eyes to heaven, went to the church and prayed. The whole day was passed by this unhappy mother in a constant struggle between the desire of taking away the life of her infant and the dread of yielding to the impulse. She concealed her agitations until evening, when her confessor, a respectable old man, was the first to receive her confidence. He soothed her feelings, and counselled her to have medical assistance. 'When we arrived at her house,' says Michu, 'she appeared gloomy and depressed, and ashamed of her situation.' Being reminded of the tenderness due from a mother to her child, she replied, 'I know how much a mother ought to love her child; but if I do not love mine, it does not depend upon me.' She soon after recovered, the infant, in the mean time, having been removed from her sight."—*Ray on Insanity*.

EXTRAORDINARY PERSEVERANCE AND DELIVERANCE.—Madame Godin was the wife of one of the French mathematicians who were sent to Peru about the middle of the last century, for the purpose of making observations which would improve our knowledge of geography. She set out from Riobamba, the place of her residence, with the design of joining her husband at Cayenne, a distance of between thirteen and fourteen hundred leagues. The thought of such a journey, dangerous and fatiguing as she knew it was, did not alarm her. She was accompanied by two of her brothers, and by a physician, who proposed travelling the same road; she had also a male negro servant, several mulatto and Indian women, and a band of thirty-one Indians to carry her baggage. With this company she arrived at a village called Camellos, situated on the banks of a small river that falls into the great river of the Amazons. This place she found almost deserted; for the small-pox had carried off great numbers of the inhabitants, and those who had escaped infection had removed to another place. Here, the Indians, who had been paid for their services in advance, treacherously left her. What could she do! To return without a body of men for her protection was impossible, and the hope of reaching the river of the Amazons, where she might find a conveyance to her husband, whom she had not seen for many years, encouraged her to brave every danger; and she resolved, as did also her companions, to continue the journey. Two Indians remained in the village, who offered to make a canoe and conduct the travellers to the settlement of Andoas, one hundred and fifty leagues further down the river. As soon as the canoe was finished they embarked; but after sailing two days, having landed to rest for the night, the two Indians, who had been paid like the others, in advance, abandoned them. In the morning the unfortunate company re-embarked without a pilot; the first day passed without accident, and on the second, towards noon, they fell in with a canoe, in which was an Indian, who had just recovered from a severe illness, and who consented to become their guide; but their misfortunes were not over, the poor Indian, in attempting to catch the doctor's hat which had fallen overboard, fell into the river, and being from his recent illness weak, and unable to swim, notwithstanding every effort made by those in the canoe, he went to the bottom. The travellers finding that they could not manage the canoe, which was constantly filling with water, landed, and built a hut to shelter them from the weather, which was stormy. They were now about six days journey from Andoas, and the doctor offered to go there and procure assistance. He accordingly departed, accompanied by a French servant belonging to himself and Madame Godin's faithful negro. After waiting three weeks for tidings from the doctor and hearing none, Madame Godin and her brothers gave up all hopes of succour from that quarter, and determined to proceed. They constructed a raft, on which they embarked with some provision and effects, intending to journey by water, fearing they should lose themselves in the woods; but they had not gone far when the raft struck against a sunken tree and overset, plunging them and their whole cargo into the river; being close to the bank they all escaped drowning, but lost the great part of their provisions and all their effects. Melancholy as was their present situation, they took courage and determined once more to proceed on foot, along the banks of the river; but they soon discovered that the windings of the river would lengthen their toilsome journey perhaps beyond endurance; and to avoid this, they attempted to find a passage in the trackless woods; but they could not, after wandering for weeks. Weary, with their feet bruised and blistered, their clothes and bodies torn with briars and thorns, their provisions exhausted, and nothing to allay their thirst but some wild fruits, their strength failed, and they sat down expecting death. One after another they expired, and Madame Godin alone survived; for forty-eight hours she lay in the midst of the dead, stupified with grief, and worn out with hunger and thirst; but Providence had not forsaken this heroic woman, courage was given her to make one more effort to extricate herself from this terrible situation, and without a shoe to her foot and her clothes in rags, this well-born and delicate woman, accustomed to all the luxuries of this life, left without a protector, was guided to a spring of water, and for eight days lived upon wild fruits and the eggs of wild fowl. From hunger her throat became contracted, and anxiety made her hair become gray, still she was preserved, and on the ninth day after she began to proceed on her way alone and unprotected, she found herself on the banks of the river Bobonasa, and hearing an unusual noise near her, she fled to conceal herself, but recovering from her terror and reflecting that nothing worse could happen to her than she had already experienced, she returned to the river side, and saw two Indians pushing a canoe into the water. She implored their assistance, and the humane savages took her into their canoe and conducted her to Andoas, where she met with the relief expected; her health was soon restored, and she found means to join her husband.

THE AGE WE LIVE IN.—In the lowest department, that of mere mechanics, consider what fifteen years have done. It was only in the autumn of 1830, following close on the French three memorable days of July, that the Duke of Wellington opened the Manchester and Liver-

pool Railroad. The population of the busiest region on this earth were assembled round him whom all acknowledged as the greatest man in England, at the inauguration of a new physical power, then felt to double the strength and swiftness of human beings. While, among myriads of gravely joyous faces, the new machines travelled at a speed matching that of eagles, the life of a great statesman shot off on a darker and more distant journey, and the thrill of fear and pain at his destruction gave the last human tragic touch to an event which would at any rate have retained for ever an historic importance. The death of Mr. Huskisson startled the fixed bosom of the veteran soldier, and those who were near perceived a quiver of the lip, a movement of the eye, such as had hardly been caused by the most unlooked-for and dreadful chances of his mighty wars. To a calm observer, the emotion of the whole multitude, great and small, might strangely have recalled distant ages, and the feelings with which ancient peoples held every great event as incomplete, wanting the blood of a victim, too often human, solemnly shed. In the most prosperous and peaceful of national triumphs, the dark powers again claimed a share, and would not be forgotten. Since then, about twelve years have passed, and behold what they have brought forth. Some seventy millions of money have been expended—more, at the lowest estimate, than four times as much as the Papacy was able to raise in a century and a half for the construction of its greatest monument, the costliest the world has ever seen. These seventy millions of pounds have been subscribed by private persons at their own choice in one small country, and have created nearly fifteen hundred miles of railroads—structures that surpass all pyramids and Cyclopean walls, and machines that would puzzle Archimedes, by which myriads of men are perpetually travelling like the heroes of fairy tales. It is probable that the roads of the Roman empire, the work of many centuries, did not cost so much of human labour, and they certainly did not exhibit so much greatness of thought, as those that we have built in less than twenty years. In the state of society that has produced such results, there may be, we know there is, enough torpor, even rottenness. But it cannot be, on the whole, an insignificant stage of human existence, one barren for imaginative eyes.—*Quarterly Review.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.—In the hurry and horror of a popular insurrection, or any other urgent calamity, how few of us are able to possess a collected mind! The populace of Paris, inflamed by resentment, and probably stimulated by apt emissaries, had resolved to destroy the house of Mons. D'Espremenil. As the decisions of a mob are generally executed as rapidly as they are conceived, the frantic multitude hastened to the spot, but were surprised and silenced on their arrival, at being addressed from an upper window of the house in the following manner: "Whose house do you propose setting fire to?" "D'Espremenil's," was the answer. "This then cannot be the house, for I have bought and paid for it but a few years since, and he was only the tenant. Would you burn the furniture? It is the upholsterer's: Would you destroy his wife? She is the property of the public: Would you kill his children? They may be your own." This singular address was efficacious, and the crowd returned without committing the intended outrage.

TICKET, No. 1.

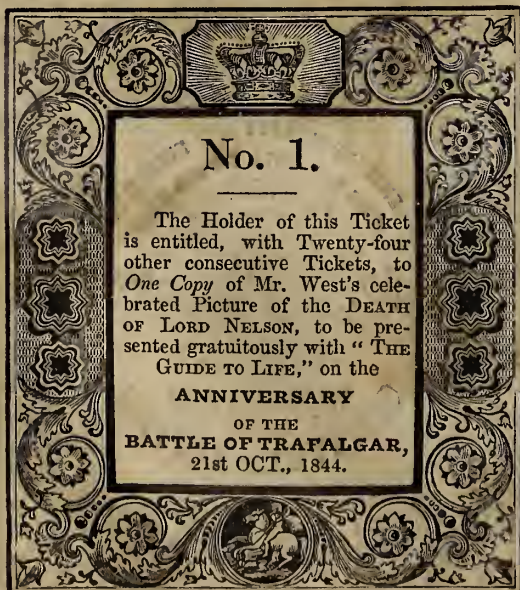


PICTURES OF NEWS.—THE INTENDED DRIVE OF MR. BATTY ON EASTER MONDAY.



Mr. Batty, the Proprietor of Astley's Theatre, as he will appear driving his Twenty Horses, accompanied by his musical band, on the approaching Easter Monday, starting from the York Road, and proceeding over Westminster Bridge to Trafalgar Square—the latter name will be long indelibly impressed on the minds of the readers of the *GUIDE TO LIFE*, as bringing to their recollections the invaluable present of the Plate of *THE DEATH OF NELSON*, which we are preparing to present to all Subscribers who commence in April.

LENDING BOOKS.—Those who have collected books, and whose good nature has prompted to accommodate their friends with them, will feel the sting of the answer which a man of wit made to one who lamented the difficulty he found in persuading his friends to return the volumes which he had lent them. "Sir," said he, "your acquaintances find, I suppose, that it is much more easy to retain the books themselves, than what is contained in them."

TICKET.**EDUCATION OF THE FEMALE ARISTOCRACY**

—As to the education of the young women of the aristocratic classes, there is so much of awakened intelligence in the upper ranks, such a power of commanding the highest aids of every kind, that we think it, in many cases, overdone. 'Far, far removed from want, from care, from fear'—surrounded with all that can administer to the culture of the intellect, the fancy, the feelings; the manners refined and softened almost into inanity; the sensibilities repressed, but not controlled; we pamper such girls into hot-house flowers; we create around them an artificial atmosphere, and exclude from them, with watchful care, all such knowledge and experience as are not fit for these exquisite creatures—

Too bright and good,
For human nature's daily food.

A young girl of high rank is acquainted with but two orders of society: her own and the

poorest, lowest of all—on whom she is taught to expend her charity, to employ her beneficence; for are not all well-bred young ladies kind to their inferiors and benevolent to the poor? The miseries with which they are brought in contact are such as they can relieve, but have never felt, and can never feel; the wants they can pity, but not sympathize with, are the vulgar wants which vulgar gold can reach; and the obvious inferiority is so great, the difference so immeasurable, which separates these fragile elegant beings from the dull, loutish, dirty, servile, hard-working, hard-handed race they minister to, that if they acknowledge, once a week in church, the theory of their equality in the sight of God—it is all that can be expected.—*Athenæum*.

COINCIDENCE.—It is singular, that Mr. Fox and Lord Lauderdale, two of the most intimate friends that ever lived, were born on the same day (the 24th of January), and died on the same day (the 13th of September). Mr. Fox was ten years older than Lord Lauderdale, and Lord Lauderdale survived Mr. Fox thirty-three years.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

All Persons intending to secure a Copy of Mr. WEST'S MATCHLESS PICTURE OF

THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON,

On board the "Victory," at Trafalgar, by means of the Subscription Tickets attached to the Weekly Numbers of *THE GUIDE TO LIFE*, are requested to give their immediate Orders for this Week's Publication, to which is appended the First Ticket of the series of Twenty-five Tickets; it is absolutely necessary to hold and produce to the Agents on the 21st of October next, the anniversary of The Battle of Trafalgar. Persons not entering their names during the present month of April will be *entirely excluded*, the benefit of the gratuitous presentation of this grand National Present, and will have to purchase the Plate separately at a very serious and considerable cost. The Proprietors having made this announcement in proper time, will not consider themselves responsible for the gift to any but those who are *bona fide* holders of the Twenty-five consecutive Tickets.

The present number of *THE GUIDE* is only a specimen of the great outlay, spirit, and enterprise, with which from Week to Week they are determined regularly to adorn their beautiful and novel publication. In proof also of which, Two distinguished Artists have already been engaged to accompany Her Majesty in her approaching Continental tour.

Subscribers forwarding faithful and original Pictures of News from the Country will have them paid for liberally if accepted,—and if rejected will be carefully preserved for them till called for at our Office.

The Back Numbers forming complete Sets to the *GUIDE*, may be had on application at the Office. Should any of them be out of Print, a reprint will be made of these Numbers every Three Months.

We shall give the Fashions for April next week. Some remarkably clever and original sketches of the Sylphs of the Opera House, together with an Historical Engraving of the finding of the bones of the young Princes murdered in the Tower of London, far exceeding in beauty of Engraving any of the Illustrated Newspapers.

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